

Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

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NO. 11.

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DEATH ON THE GARROTE.

A DREADFUL PICTURE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN SPAIN.

How a Holiday is Celebrated in the Land of the Olive—The Trepidation with Which a Criminal Met His Doom.

Suddenly the crowd halts and a great silence falls. A close carriage, with blinds down, escorted by a picket of civil guards, slowly passes through the press. We can follow it without hurrying ourselves.

In a little while the place of execution appears before me, thronged with a multitude swaying like a tide, and up from the sea of heads emerges the white mast of the scaffold.

I approach. Lying upon a stool, covered with a snow white cloth, is the garrote itself—shimmering like a crown of steel. In a little while the executioner will attach it to a post against which the criminal is to be fastened. The final preparation consumed considerable time, so that I was well able to make a leisurely examination of the sinister locality whither curiosity had drawn me for the purpose of studying the physiognomy of the great pushing and squeezing crowd. As always, and in all places, the women were the most numerous.

Now there is a great movement around the scaffold. The soldiers close their ranks and three men approach the scaffold. One of them ascends it. It is the executioner. He is thin, low sized and looks about 40 years old. While waiting for his victim he keeps walking nervously to and fro with his hands behind his back and his head down. From time to time he stops and looks at the argolla (the "garrote") with a suspicious expression of countenance. Perhaps he is afraid of the power of resistance possessed by the cervical vertebrae of Alvarez, and is therefore afraid of losing his bounty.

THE PRISON SCENARIO. Noisy as it was a little while ago, the crowd now suddenly becomes silent. Some women are turning pale; and one can feel that a nervous excitement weighs upon the crowd. A low rumbling is heard. It is the black carriage that bears the condemned man. It stops at the foot of the scaffold; and the criminal is soon painfully climbing the twelve high steps of the dismal scaffold, leaning on the arm of a priest. Another priest precedes him, lifting very high an immense crucifix, toward which the condemned man strives to turn his terror-stricken face. Alvarez Oliva is not yet 25 years old; and it is believed that the savage energy he had displayed in committing his crime, together with his vigorous youth, won the crowd to his side. But nothing of the kind is now shown by him; and really it was too much to expect of a man who knew his fate forty-eight hours ago, and who, while listening to the funeral chants in the prison chapel, must have been passing before him.

This rule of obliging the condemned to listen during the two nights preceding his execution to an interminable series of prayers, requiems, De Profundis chants, uttered for the repose of his soul by his fellow criminals, seems to me something atrocious; and I can see in it the last vestige of the ferocious medieval mysticism of Spain, with all its uncomprehending cruelty. As I stood on an elevation overlooking the scaffold, I was able to observe all the details of the last scene of the tragedy. The condemned man mechanically yielded himself up to the executioner. The latter sat down at the foot of the post, with his back to it and then tied his hands and feet hard and fast. He did all this without hurrying himself in the least, and with all the dignified indifference which characterizes the Spanish functionary in the discharge of his duty. If the preparations had lasted even a few seconds longer I believe I should have lost my own self-control. I could hear my heart thumping in my breast, and every moment or two something like a veil came before my eyes.

THE IRON COLLAR. You could not even hear a whisper in the crowd. While one of the priests pressed a crucifix to the colorless lips of the sufferer, another was murmuring words of consolation and hope into his ear. But the wretched man was not listening. His expressionless face had a waxen pallor, and his eyes, as they wandered over the ocean of faces before him, already seemed dim with the dullness of death.

He started considerably when the executioner placed the iron collar about his neck, and I observed his mouth contract. Then, however, a white covering thrown over his features hid them from further observation. The executioner then gave two or three turns of the screw connected with the instrument of death. The bones of the neck cracked, a long trembling ran through the whole body, the arms twisted outward, the legs inward. Alvarez Oliva was dead.

The priests took off their square caps, as if to salute the soul passing by, and the executioner concealed the covering that concealed the dead man's face. That face, which had been so pallid a moment before, was now purple. The tongue and tongue protruded from the mouth and the bloody eyes had spurted out of their sockets. The head had fallen slightly toward the right shoulder, and the black miter, with white cross, that had been placed upon it, seemed about to fall off.

The crowd ebbed away silently, evidently much affected, while two gentlemen with rifles mounted guard at the foot of the scaffold, where the corpse was to remain until evening, when the corporation of female mourners would escort it to the cemetery of executed criminals, with long, piercing cries of lamentation, like the "Ya! ya! ya!" of Arab women.—New York Star.

Not to Be Trusted. An old New York dry goods auction merchant, who resided in Jersey, crossed Cortlandt street ferry morning and night. One morning as he was coming over he noticed that one of the best customers of his house slipped through without paying. On his arrival at the store he told his auctioneer not to receive a bid from such a man. The latter observed: "Why, I thought he was good!" "So did I, but I have changed my mind; I will not trust him a dollar!" Not long after the merchant failed and did not pay five cents on the dollar.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Botany Bay's Centennial. Next year will be the centenary of the colony of New South Wales, the first convey of convicts having reached Botany Bay on Jan. 20, 1788. And the colonists are now debating how best to celebrate the event. But none of them are anxious to trace their origin to these first settlers.—New York Tribune.

WOMEN IN RUSSIA.

A Picture of Russian Home Life in the Time of Ivan the Terrible.

In Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's recent lecture on the "Rise of Russian Literature," he spoke of the "Domostroi, or Book of Domestic Management," written by the Pope Sylvester for the edification of his only son, Anphim and his daughter-in-law Polagia.

It was composed early in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Ivan the Terrible, and throws a curious light on Russian society at that time.

For many years it was the universal code mecum of household duties. It may interest some of the women of Philadelphia who did not hear Mr. Dole's lecture to see what the old priest laid down as law for the treatment and behavior of their sisters three centuries and a half ago. Mr. Dole's translation was as follows:

She must go to church as often as possible and consult with her husband. Husbands must teach their wives with love and reasonable punishment. If the wife live not according to her husband's teaching then the husband must punish her alone by themselves, and after he has punished her he must forgive her and give further advice; but they must not be angry with one another.

Servants and children must be punished according to their guilt, and wounds must be inflicted, but after the punishment forgive the sin. But the mistress of the house must look after the servants as to what is fitting for the same. But when it is necessary to reprehend your wife, your son or your daughter, or to punish them by laying on the whip, punish them not before people, but alone. Strike them not on the ear or in the face or on the head with the fist, nor kick them or strike them with the staff, either of iron or of wood. But if the sin be great, then, stripping off the garment, apply a little whip discreetly, holding the hands.

Wives must ask their husbands about all holy teaching, and be subject to them in all things.

Every day the husband and wife should question each other and take counsel about the whole conduct of the house. She must have acquaintance only with those whom her husband commands. She may converse with guests about her handiwork and about household management, and listen when she sees that it is good. What she does not know she may ask modestly. Whatever any one commands she must "beat the forehead" humbly, and when she goes forth from the house she must tell "adieu" to her husband.

She may meet socially with good women not for eating and drinking, but for good conversation and knowledge; she must take care of her appearance and not indulge in laughter and not gossip; if any one asks her about any thing she must reply: "I know not; I have heard nothing about it, and as for me, I ask not about unnecessary things and I do not talk about princes, and boyars and my neighbors." In no wise indulge in drunkenness; a woman may drink beer, *Kvas*, both at home and abroad, but she must not eat and drink secretly away from her husband; the wise woman does not entertain the stranger without her husband's presence. In regard to all things consult with the husband and not with the slave and not with the serf.—Philadelphia Call.

SUBMISSION OF WIVES.

A Social and Domestic Question of Considerable Interest and Importance.

How far this submitting unto one's own husband should be carried, is a question for consideration. True it is that wifely submission is not in much danger of being carried to excess in this age of woman's rights; and yet one sometimes sees an exception in the person of a meek woman, who, partly through fear, and partly through a mistaken notion of duty, merges her sentiments, her ideas, her very self in her husband. She loses her own identity, and becomes simply his echo.

This would be less deplorable than it is if the husband who thus absorbs her were always a superior character (for such women are always weak and would not amount to much in themselves). But sad as it is, these oaks to which such tender vines cling are not always the strong supports they should be.

When a man is selfish, tyrannical and dishonest, so much so that he even finds himself almost without friends, must his gentle wife, who is capable of winning friends by her own lovely character, renounce every hope of happiness, of friendship, of the pleasure of society, by frowning upon all who disagree with him, forsaking all who disapprove his meanness, and making strangers feel that she is as bad as himself? I can not think it right. It is too much for one soul to require of another! Too much in the wrong direction. It is beautiful to see a wife love and seek to save her husband, all the more as he becomes a "sinking ship"; but if she can not save him, if he will deliberately sink with him to the extent of wrecking her own life. Woman has individuality of her own, a character of her own to maintain just as much as man. It is as valuable to her as her husband's is to him; and she is fully as strong to maintain it. The best of men admit that only in a physical sense is she "the weaker sex;" but a mournful exception is the woman who adds the folly of allowing herself to become the echo of a hollow, brazen vessel, to the mistake of having become his wife.—Christian at Work.

Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, contends that yellow fever is transmitted by inoculation, which is largely performed by mosquitoes.—Golden Rule.

A MEXICAN DINNER.

Questionable Delicacies Served at a Recent Banquet at Philadelphia.

At each guest's plate a menu card was placed. The cards were beautifully decorated by the Mexican artists. Some of the cards were decorated with miniature birds made of gay feathers. Other cards were artistically gotten up with straw work woven about the corners, and below on all the cards was printed in Spanish the following:

Caldo Mexicano. Arroz Seco. Puchero. Mole de Guajolote. Ensalada. Fritoles. Tamales.

A good many of the guests thought "Caldo Mexicano" meant cold Mexican and they were wondering how he would be served, when *Mole* was served with greasy soup were brought on. Mexican soup is more like the drippings from roast beef than any thing else. The proper way to get rid of the soup is to drink it. The Mexicans did. The American guests did not. They smelled it and smiled.

Plates containing boiled rice mixed with boiled carrots and hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, were next. That mixture was called "Arroz seco." The rice was very red, having been stained in the boiling by the carrots. Some liked it. "Tortillas" followed—a flat corn cake that looked like pale boarding-house buckwheat cakes, the kind boarders in arrears usually get. The tortillas were made of crushed corn, which was ground into meal upstairs. The process is to lay the corn on a stone and roll it with a stone bar until it becomes meal. The tortillas are baked on little sheets of tin over charcoal fires. The Mexicans rolled the cakes up into rolls, first spreading salt on them. Then they ate them much the same as an American would nibble at a lady-finger.

"Puchero," which came next, was made of fried cabbage, goat meat, fried carrots and fried bananas, and is known as a "Mexican-Irish stew."

"Ensalada" was composed of lettuce spread thickly with sweet oil. Mixed in the lettuce there were onions chopped fine and a good deal of garlic. Accompanying the salad on the same dish was stewed veal stuffed with almonds. There was a dish served which was not on the menu card. It was called "Chili tiero." It is to Mexicans what a soft-shell crab is to an American. Green peppers were hollowed out and the shell was filled with chopped chicken with a few walnuts mixed in it. The pepper was then dipped into batter and fried in a pan of hot lard. This dish was very much in favor. Every body nearly took to the "fritoles," chocolate colored beans. They were very tender and were dressed with a sauce that was very palatable. The "fritoles" has quite as great a reputation in Mexico as the baked bean has in Boston. The most unique dish served was the "tamales," a croquette made of corn meal, raisins, nuts and fruits. It is boiled in a corn husk and looks a good deal like a boiled pig's foot at a distance when removed from the corn husk.

"Mole de Guajolote." The mystery of turkey was a fiasco of that bird with a vegetable gravy. The gravy was principally hot fat and red pepper, and every body who ate the gravy asked for ice to soothe their burning tongues. The Mexicans smiled and ate the gravy with a relish, dipping their bread in it. The Mexican wine "pulque" was served to the guests in small wine glasses. It looks like milk and tastes like bakers' yeast. It is to the Mexican what hock beer is to the German. It is the juice of the maguay plant, a species of century plant. The maguay plant takes seven years to mature. At maturity it is about seven feet high. Then the central stalk is cut off at the base and the juice of the plant is sucked through a gourd and carried off by the natives in skins. The plant yields about two gallons every day for two or three months after the stalk is cut off and then dies. The juice is put into jars in dark cellars and allowed to ferment for forty-eight hours. Then the pulque is ready to drink. A Mexican can drink four quarts of it without becoming intoxicated.

Very good chocolate in tiny cups followed, with real Spanish cigarettes. The Mexicans puffed the smoke through their noses and their ears and out of their eyes and smoked half a dozen cigarettes in as many minutes, and soon the table was covered with a great cloud of smoke and the dinner was over. The Mexicans rising from their chairs and bowing to the guests, and the visitors mechanically imitating the Mexicans.—Philadelphia Times.

Cure for a Bad Habit.

To prevent cows from jumping, says Mr. J. M. Stanbrough, cut the lower eye-lashes off close and turn your cow loose, and see if she will attempt to jump. I have had some little experience; it seems that long hair immediately above and below the eye regulates the sight, hence with the lower lashes cut close, a low fence looks high, and vice versa with the upper ones cut close, a high fence looks low. There is an old adage that good fences make good stock, and good stock make good neighbors, and the reverse, bad fences make bad stock, and bad stock bad neighbors.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

A new extract of coal—pyrofurin—exists in certain Russian bituminous coal to the extent of eighteen per cent. It is a powerful antiseptic, and is claimed to be a cheap and remarkably effective tanning agent.—Springfield (O.) Times.

Very often a hero is simply the man who does what you are afraid to do yourself.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The latest Belgian invention of a locknut is one threaded a little smaller than the bolt and cut through on one side, to give it a spring.

Spider silk offers little hope of a profitable industry. A season's work of a collector in India resulted in ten pounds of spider's webs at a cost of about \$16.00 in Bombay.—Springfield (O.) Times.

Vast deposits of brown and cannel coals have been discovered in Onachita County, Arkansas. It is easy coal to mine, and of superior quality for heating and steam-making purposes.—N. Y. Examiner.

"Sand-paper" is now made without either sand or paper. Glass is pulverized and sifted on muslin, which has been covered with a coating of glue. It is better and more durable than the old-fashioned sand-paper.

"Agriculture is, beyond question, the leading industry of our State, with more capital invested and more labor employed than all other interests combined; and it deserves and should receive most generous consideration. Prosperity in this industry brings prosperity to all others." So says the Governor of Wisconsin in his last annual message.—Montreal Witness.

A noteworthy invention has recently been made by an English woman, Miss Heale, which is now on exhibition in London. It is a method of diffusing light through water, the effect being to render it much more brilliant and at the same time much softer. A light that throws its rays 140 feet can be furnished at a cost of 2 cents an hour.

The *Age of Steel* publishes a summary of the statistics collected by the American Iron and Steel Association in the last trade. These statistics show that exclusive of railroad spikes and horse-shoe nails our total production of cut nails and cut spikes in 1886 was 8,160,973 kegs of 100 pounds each, against 6,896,815 kegs in 1885, 7,581,379 kegs in 1884, and 7,762,747 kegs in 1883. The production of 1886 was the largest the country has ever attained.

A device for protecting factory operatives from accidents by being caught by swiftly-running wheels has been invented by Robert F. Fenney, of New Haven. It consists in widening the shaft between pulleys with strings, spirally and rather loose, and then enclosing the shaft in zinc, or tin or other metal cylinder. The strings simply prevent any noise from contact of the shaft with the metallic cylindrical jacket. Should a woman get caught by her hair, it would begin to wind up on the jacket, which would instantly stop its motion, leaving the shaft inside to revolve, but without doing harm to whoever might be caught.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.—Michelet.

A young man who has been jilted a half dozen times is going around town trying to organize a Love Insurance Company.

Nowadays only well-to-do ladies can afford to have maids to help them dress, but in the olden times every housewife had a dresser.—Boston Budget.

One of the largest and most perfect emeralds in the country has been presented to James Frank Morrison, of Baltimore. It weighs 63 carats, and is worth about \$3,000.

You deceive yourself, my son. You think you should like to know what people think of you, but you don't want to know any thing of the kind. In your heart of heart, you know you don't.—Burdette.

Procedure Amendment.—"To insert 'A member rising in his place may move.' How can he rise without moving? Of course he can move without rising. But they'll never get on at this pace.—Funch.

The Thoughts of Our Bad Boy.—"It hurt me worse than you, my lad, to punish you for being bad." The howling son. When dad has done. Thinks, "golly, don't I wish it had!"—Texas Siftings.

Jones—"I don't like Robinson." Brown—"Why not?" Jones—"He said I was no better than I should be." Brown—"Well, are you?" Jones—"Of course I—well, that is—say, Robinson anybody?"

"Papa," said a Chicago young woman, "at the concert I heard somebody refer to the tout ensemble. What kind of an instrument is that, papa?" Papa (not quite sure of himself)—"I think it must be French for trombone."—N. Y. Interior.

How it happened.—Prisoner—"It's me family troubles, your honor, that are the cause of my getting drunk." Justice—"What do you mean?" Prisoner—"Sure I used to take back the washing that the old woman did, and its her shameful carelessness in trusting the money to me that led me into temptation."—Tid-Bits.

Our little niece, four years old, was visiting her grandmother. Among other things given her to play with was a large, old-fashioned cent. Maud took this up and viewed it meditatively for some time. Then she suddenly exclaimed: "Grandma, I've been thinking if they used to have such big cents as this, their dollars must have been whoopers!"—Babyhood.

Lady (in art store)—"Have you any paintings you can guarantee to be real old masters?" Proprietor—"We have a few, madam, that are well authenticated. What particular study or subject would you prefer?" Lady (a little undecided)—"Well—er—bit of Adirondack scenery, I think; or, if you haven't that, Niagara Falls in Winter will do."

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